

Dearest Walter;
Why don't you write me?
I mean, after all, I'm your
MOTHER! Why must you sp-
end all your time getting
"roared" with other "dippy"
players when you "could"
write me? Gosh! Well, bye,
and write! Mom

Moma-
Gee ma, you have the wrong idea
about "dippy!" Why, some of the
most brilliant men in the world
play and we get into some ex-
tremely interesting discussions on
the pressing topics of the day!
Gottamun, Walter!

THE "STIMULATING CONVERSATION"
DURING A DIPLOMACY GAME.

DIPCON IV

WHAP!

YES, THIS IS
HOOSIER
ARCHIVES!

FILTHY
SWINE!

ALL I DID
WAS TAKE
FRANCE...
HIS
COUNTRY!

ZZZZZZ

HOOSIER
ARCHIVES?

WHERE'D
MUH
MOUTH
GO?!

BOORE
HIC

Hoosier Archives is a periodic listing of the Diplomacy library of Walter Buchanan, R. R. 3, Lebanon, Indiana 46052, telephone (317) 482-2824; Archives Director, HFFAGEOD; a Director of The Diplomacy Association; and a member of IDW. Additions to the library are solicited, either through originals or a loan to permit xeroxing. Reprints of Diplomacy articles are published, although original contributions are solicited. Anyone desiring a copy at cost of any of the publications listed, which are unavailable elsewhere, should write to the above address. Many original spares are also now available. To subscribe to Hoosier Archives, send one stamped, self-addressed envelope per issue. For back issues, only a stamp per issue is necessary. Trades are welcomed. This is Albatross Press publication #34.



INTO THE ARCHIVES NO. 5

Since the short note on the DIPCON in Hoosier Archives #33, I have decided to do a more complete writeup. I'm doing this out of practicality. After all, what would you do on arriving home and finding a box load of mail, all wanting to know about the DIPCON? Therefore, prepare yourself for Hoosier Archives' most original original. Tom Lehrer fouled at last!

A HOOSIER AT DIPCON IV by Walter Buchanan

Western 603 winged its way into San Diego at 3:25 P.M. on August 23, 1971. An ex-sailor had returned home. However, this time I was coming to San Diego for a much more exciting reason than going to sea. I had come to attend DIPCON IV which was to convene on August 26th and I had arrived early to socialize and to rifle any Diplomacy collection I could lay my hands on!

On stepping into the passenger terminal, I was met by a sea of strange faces. Larry Peery was to meet me there, but all I had to go on was a snapshot in which he was sitting on a car about 200 feet from the camera lens! Anyway, as I looked around in a bewildered fashion, a little guy and a big guy approached me. Mott and Jeff, I thought. However, when the little guy said, "We expected you to be in uniform," I correctly guessed him to be Larry. The big guy turned out to be "one of the bigger lights in Dippy weighing in at 225 pounds," none other than Rod Walker.

After innumerable letters during the last several months, I was finally meeting the guys on the other end. And a pleasure it was too. We went back to Larry's apartment and talked. Then we went to a Chinese restaurant and talked. Rod ate. Then we went back to Larry's apartment and talked some more. After the equivalent of a seven hour long distance conference phone call, I figured I had recouped the expense of my plane ticket already! I had only flown from Colorado since we were visiting my wife's folks there. She couldn't be persuaded to go with me, however. Alas, as a confirmed Diplomacy widow, she wanted to stay with Mother instead of experiencing the exciting rigors of FTF Diplomacy. Imagine!

During my stay in San Diego, I stayed at Larry's. He was a most hospitable host, could even cook, and insisted I take the only bed in the place while he slept on the living room floor. This was on the nights he came home. Never did find out the name of the girl, cops, I mean where he stayed the rest of the time...

On Tuesday morning I got Larry up bright and early (I know he'll hate farm boys for the rest of his life!) and cajoled him into some breakfast. Then after browsing through his files (marking the zines I could lift later!) we went over to Rod Walker's.

After a short ride, we arrived at famous Farad Hawley and the even more famous Pandemonium Press. Alas, instead of teams of printers and copy boys, all I found was one old can-tankerous Sears ditto machine in the garage. Maybe that's why it's called Pandemonium. How else could one produce all those innumerable zines on one little old ditto machine?

The first thing Rod did was show me his operation while Larry ran some of his own stuff off on the venerable press, "an old and faithful servant" as Rod called it. When Larry came back awhile later, I heard him muttering. Among several expletives I heard the word "old" but never "faithful." Anyway, Rod showed me his files and record system. Can you imagine Diplomacy material stuffed into every nook and cranny in the house? ((good grief, yes! C.)) This is not to mention all the zines in the garage. We spent the afternoon going through a lot of them, and I acquired many new additions. Wonder what Rod will do when he finds I

lifted the knowable #3 he didn't know he had?!

Later in the afternoon, we heard the house shaking in front and with great aplomb I yelled "Earthquake" and dived under a desk. However, Rod informed me it was only Lonnie, so I regained my composure, at least until I met her. She uttered something about Diplomacy ante ((I can see her point. C.)) and stalked through the house to see her mother. Poor Rod. Can you imagine having a mother-in-law in the back yard?

Soon it was time to eat and, unbelievably, Lonnie had invited me to dinner. Poisoned, I figured. However, when I sat down and found that Rod was already half through his meal (Oh, I forgot to mention that we had gone to a Mexican restaurant an hour before and I had watched Rod gulp down 2 tacos, 4 tamales, 2 tostados, 16....now what else was there?), I figured the food was okay. It was, too. Rod's little girl, Ford (who else but Rod would name his daughter that?!) had helped with the salad and everything was delicious. Bonnie even joined us for a beer, and I found she wasn't so bad after all. In fact, before the evening was over, we split a six-pack and discovered that we both liked subterranean, Russian peasants, and didn't know anything about Lucretia Borgia. Oh well, at least Rod didn't talk about Diplomacy all the time. Could it have been because of Bonnie?!

Wednesday was Archives Day. Larry Peery found that he hadn't called me a packrat in vain. His collection will never be the same again, I'm sure. However, I did squeeze in time to go over to UCSB and see TIT Publications in operation. Would you believe 10,000 pieces of paper this summer?! And I thought Larry was an ecologist.

Before a late dinner we stopped by to see Hal Naus. I found him to be a very nice guy and a true Diplomat. He had a shed in the back yard devoted exclusively to his Dippy activities. ADAG, Inc. had finally found a permanent home. After getting a lot of good wines, I tried to take a picture of Hal in his den, but the stupid flash wouldn't work. However, before the DIPCON was over, I did get pictures of almost everyone. Good ol' Sol.

After leaving Hal's place, Larry and I went to the Chuckwagon, the smorgasbord restaurant where we were to have our big banquet on Saturday night. We decided to test the food. After three plates of roast beef with all the trimmings, I decided it was adequate. Larry rolled me out to the car and we went home.

Thursday was the exciting first day of DIPCON IV. I spent the morning completing the tape of Larry's collection and then in the afternoon, Rod, Larry, and I had an executive committee meeting. It mostly consisted of deciding on the best way to stab Doug Beyerlein during the games, and when Rod left the room, Larry and I figured out how to stab him. I had craftily picked a chair with the back against the wall, so I figured I was safe.

Before the evening session, we went out to get some snacks. Larry got some avocados and made some excellent dip. We all enjoyed it immensely during the game. Wish we had gone easier on the little bowl Larry brought in, however. When we were ready for seconds, we found that Rod had already cleaned out the big bowl in the kitchen.

Pretty soon, Peter Weber and Boy Strayer arrived from Arizona. It was nice to see Pete again and I noticed the summer hadn't hurt his hair a bit. He had dropped by in July to see Hoosier Archives during his cross-country Diplomacy odyssey. (Who is worse, the New York or San Diego bunch, Peter?) It was also nice to meet Bob Strayer. At least I thought so until the game. That dirty, backstabbing..... When George Harter of San Diego arrived, we had enough for a five-man game. Rod used the occasion to gain inspiration for Brethren #53. I even got the first ditto he messed up. But then again, who else would want it? ((sigh... only my packrat husband...C.))

The game turned out pretty well. George survived and when the game ended, Pete was first with me in second. I modestly thought I could have done better except for the ol' Peery gambit. Who else would throw the game to the guy that stabbed him?! Bob didn't want to be left out and stabbed me. I therefore secretly decided to stomp him into fudge the next day. George even claimed I stabbed him, but deep down, I'm sure he knows I could never do such a dastardly deed.

After so much treachery, we decided to break the game up on Doug Beyerlein's arrival. Then we immediately started plotting for the next day.

People trickled in all day on Friday. Dan Alderson led the procession by flying in at midnight. Really, Dan.

We set up shop at the UCSB campus and by noon had enough for the first seven-man game. Before the day was out, we had three games going, and some nuts played until 4:30 A.M. Really! A whole raft of people came from LA. Of the old timers, Dan Lerman and Phil Gaston came.

I thought they had disappeared years ago. Maybe Will 'n Woolly will rise again?!

Of the newcomers that arrived from IA, Annie Vagts and Ben Zablocki are engaged in postal play.

The games on Friday turned out well, although I lost track of who did what to whom. I do know that poor Doug Beyerlein learned to regret his awesome postal reputation. He was stabbed right and left, but luckily the local Red Cross was able to keep him going until the next day. However, I didn't feel too bad since he stabbed me first. Isn't that always the way?! The game I was in broke up in Fall 1910. Pete Weber and I came in 1st and 2nd respectively. Someone would almost think we had something going. If only we had played one more year!

Saturday was the biggest day of all. Things actually got moving in the morning, if you can believe that after the night before. A super Youngstown Variant game got underway on a huge map that Ben Zablocki had drawn. I started the game as Russia, but Bruce Coy of IA took it over since I wanted to talk archives with Dan Alderson. Nuts, aren't I? (You don't have to agree, Carol!) Anyway, the last I heard, Bruce was doing very well and was headed for victory.

Later in the day, I got into a seven-man publishers game. The line-up was: Austria--Larry Peery, England--Hal Naus, France--Doug Beyerlein, Germany--yours truly, Italy--Annie Vagts for Rod Walker, Russia--Dan Brannan, and Turkey--Ted Holcombe. The game was interesting even though it didn't get very far due to the other activities of the day. I did take Finnish delight, though, in engineering a German-Italian alliance that wiped out Doug Beyerlein's France. That dirty, back-stabber! (Remember, Doug, you promised not to enter another postal game for two years.) Anyway, Dan Brannan wants to continue the game by mail. Will any of you GMs out there volunteer?!

The games were adjourned for dinner. We had a great meal at the Chuckwagon as Larry and I had predicted. About twenty people attended the banquet. Jerry White and his wife from Oregon didn't attend, but I guess on your honeymoon some things are more important than Diplomacy.

After the meal, everyone sat around groggily and listened to Rod, Larry, and me give talks. After all, who else there was more long winded?! Rod gave an excellent talk on the new rulebook that should be out within the month (King's X), I explained the goals of the Archives project, and Larry finished things off with a talk on the new political-military wargames he is designing. All in all, I think the whole affair was a huge success.

Everyone then adjourned back to UCSD and we had a business meeting. We decided that a committee should be appointed to pick future DIPCON sites, so one part of the country couldn't hog it all. Also discussed were the current problems within IDA and what could be done. I'm sure you'll hear more on this later!

After the meeting, the games continued until the wee hours of the morning. I understand there was more of the same on Sunday, but I had to leave bright and early the next morning for the good ol' midwestern heartland ((read "midwestern" swampland C.)).

Some further highlights of that last full day (for me) included meeting Hal Naus' wife (can you imagine a Diplomacy widow that doesn't think her husband is nuts?!)) ((no consent, C.)) and hearing Dan Alderson explain his new space war game. He also was very nice about GMing most of the games at the DIPCON.

I would like to close by thanking everyone for making my trip so enjoyable. Larry Peery was the perfect host and it was also nice to visit at Rod's and Hal's. I came home with many pleasant memories and a whole cardboard box full of zines that I had rifled from Larry's, Rod's and Hal's collections. Hoosier Archives probably won't have any more such substantial additions for a long, long time.

ARCHIVES LISTING

What with getting in gear for the fall semester and catching up on all the correspondence, etc. that awaited me on my return from DIPCON IV, I still haven't had a chance to bring the listing up to date. This is due to the very substantial additions I acquired in San Diego that still must be sorted, cataloged, and filed.